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Duncombe's Edition

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TURNING THE TABLES;

AN ORIGINAL FARCE,

IN

One Act.

BY JOHN POOLE, Esq.

Author of Paul Pry, Intrigue, Nabob for an Hour, Lodgings for Single Gentleman, Delicate Attentions, &c.

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To which is added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS

THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES, AND

DIRECTIONS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

London Theatres.

GLASGOW ATHENAEUM

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING

By Mr. Findlay, from a Drawing, taken expressly in the Theatre.

LONDON:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Knibbs	Mr. Hughes.
Jeremiah Bumps	Mr. Cooper.
Edgar de Courcy	Mr. Vining.
Thornton	Mr. J. Vining
Jack Humphries	Mr. Liston.
Miss Knibbs	Miss Faucit.
Mrs. Humphries	Mrs. C. Jones.
Patty Larkins	Mrs. Orger.

The Scene lies at Uxbridge

First Performed at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, on Thursday November 11th, 1830.

Time of Representation—1 hour, 5 minutes.

COSTUME.

Knibbs—Old man's brown suit, white silk stockings.
Jeremiah Bumps—Black coat, nankeen trowsers.
Edgar de Courcy—Blue frock coat, white trowsers.
Jack Humphries—First dress, Black breeches, white coat, black-striped waistcoat, high boots. Second, a Major Sturgeon's dress.
Miss Knibbs—White muslin dress, trimmed with white satin.
Patty—Figured cotton tuck-up gown, white petticoat, and apron

TURNING THE TABLES.

SCENE I.

A Room at Old Knibbs's. On one side a window.

Enter OLD KNIBBS *and* MISS KNIBBS, L. H., *a book in her hand.*

Knibbs. I tell you what, Sally—your nonsensical play-books and romances have turned your head. What objection have you to the young fellow for a husband?

Miss K. Millions—insurmountable!

Knibbs. Millions! (*Looking at his watch*) In that case I have not time to listen to them all just now; but you may let me hear two or three thousand of them as a beginning. Now, for the first.

Miss K. Would my venerable and respected sire force his offspring to become the consort of one she never beheld?

Knibbs. If by your venerable sire you mean, in plain English, me, your father, your daddy, I don't mean to force you to any such thing, for you shall see him before you marry him. He will be with us to-day; and as he is young, rich, handsome, good-tempered, and well-educated, you can have no reasonable objection to him: so to no more will I listen.

Miss K. This tyranny is insupportable! No, sir; you may load my fragile form with chains, and immure me in the deepest dungeon of your castle, but my affections are not to be controuled.

Knibbs. Hoity-toity! Chains and dungeons! Why surely the girl fancies herself the daughter of some blood-thirsty German baron, living in an iron tower in the Black Forest. Hark'ee, girl! (*snatches the book from her*) hark'ee; whilst I state the case, stripped of all romance and foolery. You are Sally Knibbs, daughter of old Sam Knibbs, a retired haberdasher, living upon a comfortable independence here at Uxbridge: young Bumps, the son of a rich ribbon-weaver at

Coventry, is to be your husband: and though I have neither chains nor dungeons for you, yet if you dare to refuse him, I'll lock you up in your room, and keep you upon bread and water till I have compelled you to give your free consent to marry him.

Miss K. Once more, consider, sir: I am the sole pledge of affection bequeathed you by my departed maternal parent Would you see me wretched, as I must be if doomed to become Mrs. Bumps? Heavens! what a name!

Knibbs. Well, I admit it isn't a very pretty name, but as I have not heard that any one of the young gentleman's family ever died of it, it is to be hoped you will get over it in time.

Miss K. When my heart is irrevocably another's!

Knibbs. Aye, Mr. Edgar de Courcy's—articled clerk to an attorney. Now, De Courcy is a sweet name; but as his pretty name is the young man's only fortune, if you choose to marry him you must contrive to live on the interest upon it, for not one guinea will I ever give you.

Miss K. But in a month or two he will be free; he will begin business for himself, and then——

Knibbs. No more of this. And, now, as I am going out for some time, should Mr. Bumps arrive before my return, do you receive him becomingly, and apologize to him for my absence.

Miss K Your mandate shall be obeyed.

Knibbs. As for your Mr. Edgar de Courcy, never let him dare enter my doors again. [*Exit* Knibbs, L. H.; *at the same moment* EDGAR DE COURCY *throws up the window-sash and climbs in.*]

Edgar. Doors! Would Edgar de Courcy ignobly creep in at a door whilst he can fly into the arms of his mistress through a window!

Miss K. Edgar!

Edgar. Celestina! (*they embrace.*)

Miss K. This is charming! Get out of window again and do it once more.

Edgar. I would with pleasure, but time presses. Tell me, Celestina——

Miss K. Celestina! What a sweet idea it was of your's to convert my horrible name of Sally into Celestina.

Edgar. And I hope soon to convert your horrible name of Knibbs into De Courcy. But what says the insatiable tyrant, your father? Is he still inexorable?

Miss K. Fixed as Mount Olympus. He has set his heart on my marrying this Mr. Bumps, from Coventry, and he won't listen to a word I say against it.

Edgar. Bumps! faugh!

Miss K. Here, take my smelling-bottle, Edgar: for my part I am ready to faint at the sound. Surely it is sufficiently distressing that a young creature of delicate susceptibilities should have been condemned to be Miss Knibbs all her life; but to change from Miss Knibbs into Mrs. Bumps——!

Edgar. Horrid! From caterpillar to grub! But the butterfly transformation from Knibbs to De Courcy——!

Miss K. There is but one way to avoid it: we must borrow the wings of Cupid and fly to Gretna-green.

Edgar. That is not a bad idea; but in that case we must borrow something more.

Miss K. I don't understand you.

Edgar. Why, unluckily, the Cupids on the north-road charge fifteen-pence a mile posting, and it so happens that——(*puts his hand into his pocket*)—that's one objection to it: and another is that if I run away from my articles I shall get into a devil of a scrape.

Miss K. Dear me, dear me! If I had but a casket of jewels, now, as is usual on such occasions!

Edgar. If—! or if post-boys were African savages we might bribe them with your coral beads. But since "Ifs" won't help us, we must endeavour to devise something that will. When is the hated rival expected?

Miss K. Alas! from hour to hour.

Edgar. What sort of animal is it?

Miss K. What do you expect it should be, with such a *name*? My father says it is handsome; but, to be sure, he would say the best of his own beautiful choice.

Edgar. I see him before me. Bumps! a silly, country hawbuck. Hang it! if we had but time before us; or if we could intercept him on his road hither and keep him out of the way till we had arranged some plan!—Hold! my friend Jack Humphries, the exciseman:—we must get his assistance: he'll have a thousand schemes for us in an instant.

Miss K. And so he will; he's the cleverest creature in Uxbridge.

Edgar. The pleasantest fellow, the best companion in the world; full of wit and drollery; sings a good song; tells a capital story; slaps you on the back that you would think your head was off; and for hoaxing and quizzing he is the terror of the place.

Miss K. Tom Thornton says he can't speak English, and that he makes use of words and phrases he doesn't understand: but that is envy: for I can tell you he writes the puffs about

the genuine Sicilian bear's-grease; and *all* the poetry for Gloss's patent blacking—though he is too modest to own it.

Edgar. I know he does. Then, again, Tom Thornton says he pretends to be the inventor and the director of every thing, when, in fact, he has not an idea in his head; and that he snatches the thoughts out of your mouth whilst you are in the very act of uttering them, and coolly returns them upon you as his own. Envy again! Ah! take him for all in all, there is but one Jack Humphries in Uxbridge.

Miss K. Sure as I live he is crossing the street now. That's lucky. Call him in.

Edgar. (*hesitatingly*) No, no—my cousin Tom Thornton is with him.

Miss K. So much the better; he may be useful. Call him in, I say.

Edgar. (*goes to the window and calls*) Hey! Humphries! Tom!

Jack. (*without*) Ah! ha! my young Esculapius, are you there? Well, what is it you want?

Edgar. Never mind what we want, but make haste up. —That's right, they're coming.

Miss K. What a silly creature you are, Edgar, to be jealous of your own cousin: so often, too, as I have assured you that the story of his having made love to me, when I was at St. Albans, on a visit to my grandmother, and of my giving him my profile cut in black paper, was all an invention.

Edgar. O Sally—Celestina I should say—Love, passionate as mine, like gunpowder explodes at the slightest spark of jealousy.

Miss K. Charmingly said!

Edgar. But when the combustible—when, like a damper—— (*aside*) How cursed hard it is to be figurative.—In short, I am satisfied, and I'll never be jealous again.

Miss K. Remember that promise. (*aside*) That was going to be a beautiful speech; and I'll make him finish it some other time. But here they are.

Enter JACK HUMPHRIES *and* THORNTON, R. H.

Jack. Now, my noble son of Esculapius, what have you to— (*seeing* Miss Knibbs)—But stand aside,

"For when a lady's in the case
All other things, of course, give place."

Prettily quoted, I flatter myself. (*Bows with an air of self-sufficiency, and with vulgar gentility.*) Miss Sally, your humble.

Edgar. Sink Sally: Celestina.

Jack. And why not Celestial—since she is an angel? Come, that's as neat a thing as ever I said. Extempore, too.

Thorn. But why call my cousin Esculapius, when you know he is a lawyer?

Jack. Eh?—Ah, true, I forgot. Esculapius was an apothecary. But 'tis all one: lawyers and doctors both bleed. Ha! ha! ha!

All. (*applauding*) Excellent! capital!

Jack. (*aside*) Got that joke out of a farce—needn't tell them that, though.—But, quick; your business with me, for I'm in haste: I have a little matter of excise to do. You must know there is a chap in the town changing blackberry-juice into old crusted port, seven years in bottle. Ha! ha! ha! Neat as imported. Ha! ha! ha! Can't stand that, you know. Ha! ha! ha!—I have a devilish comical way with me, have not I?

Miss K. What a divine creature he is!

Edgar. To do you justice, Jack, I don't know your equal for wit.

Jack. My equal! come, now——But there's no man in Uxbridge with so fine a judgment as your's: and I know you are no flatterer; and, modesty apart, there is a *little* in me, I believe. But to your business.

Edgar. Then this it is: you are aware that Celestina and I have long been mutually attached.

Miss K. Or, to speak more intelligibly, our hearts are burning with a mutual flame.

Jack. Which flame, papa Knibbs is determined to quench with a bucket-full of patriarchal authority. Ha! ha! ha! And *that* is not amiss for an off-hand—eh?

Thorn. Paternal would have been as well.

Jack. (*with a look of contempt, turns from him to* De Courcy) When is your rival expected?

Edgar. To-day; and that circumstance renders our situation so much the more desperate. Now, Jack, as we know you to be a clever fellow, we want you to help us through our difficulties.

Jack. Will you give yourselves entirely up to my jurisprudence?

Edgar. Without reserve.

Miss K. We'll do anything you may direct.

Jack. Then the business is settled. Jack Humphries *is* a ready fellow at a scheme, that's the truth on't. Now, don't lose a moment: cram a few things into a portmanteau, jump into a post-chaise, and off to Gretna. I'll go at once and order horses for you—and that's what it is to have a friend at your elbow (*going*)

Edgar. Celestina has already suggested that plan, but ther are many reasons against it. First, we have no money; secondly——

Jack. (*interrupting him*) The first will do. What the deuce—! If you had but given me a few days' notice of this, I'd have had a dozen schemes in a *secundum artem* for you. Let me see—! Where's dad?

Miss K. Out; and I don't think he'll soon return.

Jack. That is something in our favour: it will allow us time to think.

Miss K. But, dear me, Mr. Humphries, we mustn't waste our time in thinking. I fancied you great wits never think at all, but do every thing on the spur of the moment—just as you'd write an *impromptu* in a lady's album.

Jack. Pretty much the same; for, to let you into a secret, some of us require two or three days' thinking even for that. But, come; describe this rival to me.

Edgar. Nonsense, Jack, for his description, His name is Bumps, he's a ribbon-weaver's son, and comes from Coventry. What has that to do with it?

Jack. Every thing. I have it at once:—you must——no, that won't do.—Let me see, let me see!

Thorn. My notion is that if we were to frighten him out of the house by some trick which should deter him from ever again——

Jack. (*interrupting him*) Now, my dear Tom, why *will* you interfere? You are an excellent fellow, but you are on such good terms with yourself that really——(*to the others*) This is my notion: If this Bumps should arrive whilst old Knibbs is absent, we'll play off some trick to frighten him out of the house. I'll be bound he's some country lout—half clown, half idiot; so leave him to me, and if he remains a night at Uxbridge, my name isn't Jack Humphries. Bumps! Ha! ha! ha! Bobby Bumps, beyond a doubt—sure of the *anachronism.*

Thorn. The alliteration, I suppose you mean. But you're mistaken; his name is Jeremiah.

Jack. Allit——Now, pray, where *is* the difference? What a conceited *pendant* it is—breaking butterflies with wheels within whee's. Really if I am to be interrupted in this way I must——

Edgar. Now, pray, Tom—consider that when a man like Jack Humphries speaks, it were but becoming in *us* to——

Miss K. Indeed, Mr. De Courcy, I don't perceive that Mr. Thornton has said any thing amiss.

Edgar. Upon my word, madam, this is tolerably plain.

Miss K. Jealous again already?

Jack. Now—now—no quarrelling amongst us. Let us league against the common enemy, and our motto be *Consort and Uniformity;* and I'll give Mr. Jerry Bumps enough of Uxbridge the first hour to last him his life.

Edgar. But in what way?

Jack. I'll quiz his heart out. You know well enough that when I set my wit against any one there's no standing me. Name, Jerry: Jerry Sneak! Ha! ha! ha! Comes from Coventry: Peeping Tom! Ha! ha! ha! (*they all laugh and applaud.*)

Thorn. I like that idea of Jerry Sneak. As you have the dress you acted Major Sturgeon in, when we played the "Mayor of Garrett" last Christmas holydays, suppose——

Jack. Now, there again!—Suppose!——What else could you suppose I mean to do? One would imagine I have not an idea of my own. (*to the others*) My intention is to put on my Major Sturgeon dress, pass for a military friend of your's—military, do you take?—treat Mr. Jerry Bumps like a thorough Jerry Sneak, and fairly Hector him out of the town.

Edgar. Good! And what are we to do?

Jack. Eh?—Let me see—! (*to* Thornton) Now don't you interfere. (*a pause*) I say don't *you* interfere.

Thorn. Well, I don't.

Miss K. But what are *we* to do?

Jack. (*aside*) What an empty-headed fellow that Thornton is! not an idea!—(*to the others*) I have it:—you must do nothing;—merely support me: follow your leader. Ha! ha! ha! I flatter myself Jack Humphries will be enough for him—and something to spare, eh? Ha! ha! ha!

Miss K. What if we had Mrs. Humphries for an auxiliary?

Jack. (*affecting not to have heard her*) I've another idea. My little woman shall be admitted into the conspiracy. Mrs. Humphries has a vast deal of humour, though I say it; and now and then she lets off a joke I shouldn't be ashamed to own to myself—but then, you know, we have been married so long. Ah! she is a wife a man may well be proud of. You should see her album and her scrap-book—all of her own collecting! And then for sly, small slander—ecod! even her best friend can't escape her.

Thorn. Excellent woman! I am glad to find there was no truth in that report about her being seen one night when she was in London, going to Vauxhall in a hackney-chariot with—

Jack. Mr. Thornton—sir—that is a subject, sir——my little woman has convinced me of her innocence, sir—and if I am satisfied, sir——

Edgar. Come, come, no more of this: let us go all three together to your little woman, and prepare her for what we intend.

Jack. We will. We shall find her useful, depend on't. When I have fired off my great artillery at the enemy, she and you may pepper him with your small arms. Come, we'll talk more of the matter by the way. (*going*)

Miss K. (*calling him back*) Mr. Humphries! Wouldn't it be prudent to send some one to the coach-office to give us notice of the arrival of——

Jack. Now, my dear Miss Knibbs, can you imagine it possible I should have superseded so important a point? Why, of course, we must—let me see—!

Thorn. Aye, and with directions, in case they should meet with him, to send the bumpkin two or three miles abroad. 'Twill give us time.

Jack. Ha! ha! ha! A pretty round-about way we'll send him. I flatter myself *that* is no bad idea of mine.

Miss K. I'll ring for our maid, Patty Larkins: she'll do it. (*about to ring.*)

Enter PATTY LARKINS, R. H., *abruptly, and crosses.*

Here, Patty, Patty, where are you going?

Patty. To the coach-office, miss. I'll do it all properly.

Miss K. Why, how do you know ——?

Patty. I've been a-listening at the door, please, miss.

Miss K. Was ever such impertinence heard of!

Patty. Why, la! miss, where's the harm of it? I've done all my work and had nothing else to do. If a poor servant girl mayn't make use of her ears, she might as well be without them.

Jack. Exquisite sinpleton! Ha! ha! ha! Now, this is what I delight in. (*to* Patty) So you have very good ears, it seems. Ha! ha! ha! And very long ones too! Ha! ha! ha!

Patty. There's no judging by that, though, sir: see how astonishing short your's are.

Jack. (*angrily*) Patty, you——But you are too near a fool for me to be angry with you.

Patty. (*going away from him*) O, I know my distance, sir.—Now I'll go to the coach-office, watch for Mr. Jeremiah Bumps, send him out of his way, give you timely notice, and—I know what I'm to do: I haven't listened for nothing. What a queer-looking man he must be with such a name as Bumps!

[*Exit* L. H

Jack. I hope that stupid girl will make no mistake.

Miss K. We may trust to her very stupidity, for she'll just do what she has to do, and no more.

Jack. Now, then, let's away. (*Going—he drops a paper, as if by accident, and hastily picks it up again.*)

Edgar. What's that?

Jack. Nothing—nothing.

Miss K. 'Tis something of your's, I'm certain. Pray let us hear it: you know I so delight in your poetry.

Jack. Psha! a trifle. Not at all in your way: no roses and lilies in this, I promise you. Besides, I would not be known as the author for worlds.

Edgar. You may trust us.

Thorn. An Epigram, I'll bet a wager.

Jack. You may well call it an epigram: one of the most cutting things *I* ever wrote:—bitter as gall.

All. Let us have it, let us have it.

Jack. You have heard what is whispered about Captain Higgins and Mrs. Porter? Don't forget that, because *Porter* is the point of the epigram. Ahem! (*reads*)

"The other day to Uxbridge town,
A captain of Dragoons came down:"

He is, in fact, a captain of Infantry, but "Infantry" would be too long for the *nuteorology*. (*reads.*)

———"Dragoons came down:
No wonder why he came down here,
For well we know—"

The lady's name is *Porter*, remember. (*reads.*)

"For well we know he's fond of *beer*."

Miss K. Admirable! I'll take care not to quarrel with you, Mr. Humphries.

Edgar. Cruelly severe, indeed!

Jack. You think so? Well, there is a dash of cayenne in it, I believe. "For well we know he's fond of *beer*." It will break their hearts. But come, let us be off and prepare. I'll *post-obit* my little matter of excise till to-morrow: *sine aie*, as they say. I'm all impatience to encounter Mr. Jeremiah Bumps; and when we *do* meet, you shall see some delicious sport, Miss Celestina, or never trust Jack Humphries again. "For well we know he's fond of *beer*."

[*Exeunt* Jack Humphries, Thornton, *and* De Courcy *on one side*, Miss Knibbs *into a room at the back.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in Uxbridge.*

Enter BUMPS, L. H.

Bumps. (*speaking off*) Put up my cab, and give the horse a feed; I shall sleep here to-night.—So, here I am in Uxbridge. My father and the young lady's have settled this match very much to their own satisfaction; but it is yet to be determined whether no less important a personage than my father's son will consent to become a party to the contract. Dad says the girl is pretty; dad's taste and mine may differ; in which case, with all possible respect for his inclinations, I shall most dutifully follow my own. Then, Miss Knibbs may turn out to be very green, or, which is worse, very blue: and rather than choose a blue woman for a wife, hang me but I'd marry a black one! Well, here I am, and a few minutes will decide. Now which, I wonder, is the house! Oh, here comes one who may direct me.

Enter PATTY, R. H.

Pray, my pretty maid, do you know where Mr. Knibbs lives?

Patty. (*curtseys*) Yes, sir. (*crosses, as to go.*)

Bumps. But stay, stay; you don't *tell* me where.

Patty. You didn't ask me that, sir.

Bumps. (*aside*) Passing stupid, I perceive. Well, then—will you tell me in which particular house in this town Mr. Knibbs lives?

Patty. Yonder, sir, in the house with the green blinds.—(*aside*) What a smart, handsome young gentleman it is!—I'm sure he's a Lunnoner.—Are you going there, sir?

Bumps. Yes, and I thank you for directing me. (*going*)

Patty. I live there too, sir.

Bumps. (*aside*) So, so; this is lucky.—You are one of Mr. Knibbs's establishment?

Patty. Sir!—I don't know what you see in me to take me for any such thing! No, sir, I am an honest servant maid.

Bumps. No offence, my dear; that is all I meant. Can you keep a secret?

Patty. (*holding out her hand.*) I'll keep any thing you may please to give me, sir.

Bumps. Here, then. (*gives her money*) Now answer me two or three questions respecting the family, and promise not to mention that I have made the inquiry

Patty. I won't, sir;—not for twice as much.

Bumps. First, then: is your young lady pretty?

Patty. For my part, I don't think any of the Uxbridge wo-

men pretty. *I* come from Dunstable, sir. But, such as she 's, she is too good for the fright that is coming to marry her.

Bumps. Ahem! And who may he be?

Patty. One Mr. Bumps—Jerry Bumps—what else than a right, and a fool, too, as they all say, can he be with such a name?

Bumps. There is nothing very prepossessing in the name, certainly; but that is no fault of the young gentleman's: he didn't christen himself; and his qualifications in other respects may——

Patty. Eh?—How would he?—Well, he is expected down by the coach, and I am sent to meet him, and to lead him out of his way; so I must go, else he may get home before the tricks they are preparing to play off upon him are ready; and that would spoil all.

Bumps. Tricks?—Stay one moment. Your mistress is averse from this proposed union, in consequence, I suspect, of an attachment in some other quarter.

Patty. What's in it? I don't understand all them words.

Bumps. She loves somebody else, I suppose.

Patty. Yes, Mr. Edgar de Courcy, Lawyer Quirk's clerk: but she is so affectionate and constant, and so good, that if she were to marry Mr. Bumps she would never love any other—— than Lawyer Quirk's clerk.

Bumps. (*aside*) Now *is* this stupidity, or is it cunning!—So, then, Mr. De Courcy is the happy man?

Patty. No, he an't quite happy; he is jealous of his cousin, Mr. Tom Thornton.

Bumps. (*aside*) This intelligence may be useful to me.—But they are all friends now, I hope?

Patty. Yes, ever since Miss Sally vowed that Mr. Tom never did make love to her at her grandmother's at St. Albans; —else they were going to fight about it—with real pistols.

Bumps. But what are those tricks you spoke of?

Patty. Why—something or other to frighten Mr. Bumps out of the house; and plague him so that he'll never dare shew his foolish, ugly face in it again. And because his name is Jerry, Mr Jack Humphries is to treat him like the man in the play they acted last Christmas.

Bumps. The man in the play? Oh, Jerry Sneak, I suppose?

Patty. Aye; and Mr. Jack Humphries is to be the officer who is to frighten him.

Bumps. (*aside*) So, so, 'tis well I know my cue;—Jerry Sneak.—One word more: who is Mr. Jack Humphries?

Patty. O, he is the *funny* man—he is at the head of all this.

He makes jokes, and sings songs, and imitates all sorts of *beastes*. He barks as well as a dog; and he is so clever, I'll defy you to tell the difference between him and a jack-ass.—And then his little woman, as he calls her, is to do something, though I don't know what.

Bumps. He is married then?

Patty. Yes, to Mrs. Humphries. But they were going to part a few months ago, because it was all over Uxbridge that she was seen in London, one evening last August, with a gentleman in a hackney-coach, a-going to Vauxhall. And such a talk as it made! for you must know that the folks of this town —What do you think of this town, sir?

Bumps. Why—not much.

Patty. Ah! there's no place after Dunstable, sir. But bad as the town is, the people in it are worse, and our family are the worst of all—except Mr. and Mrs. Humphries.

Bumys. What have the town's-people done to offend you?

Patty. Me? Nothing, sir. But they are such a shocking ill-spoken set: back-biting, tattling—not a good word for any body witnout an *epcextion*; and all because Mr. Flourish that drives the Lunnon coach, and I——ahem!—Now dou't mention what I've told you, sir, for if it should come to Mr. Bumps's ears it might spoil every thing. (*as she goes*) The nasty, stingy, ugly, wicked-mouthed people! There's nothing like us Dunstable folks for carrying sweet tongues in our heads. [*Exit* Patty.

Bumps. A reasonable compound of stupidity, cunning, and malice. But thanks to her for her information, for, without it, a pretty figure I might have been made to cut? 'Tis clear there is no marriage for me in Uxbridge; but though the enemy is strong and well prepared for the attack, I must not abandon the field like a craven; I must make a fight of it; so now to arrange my plan of defence. Miss Sally Knibbs, who certainly is not blessed with a romantic name any more than myself, has taken a distaste to mine, and fancies that my person and manners are in perfect harmony with it: Good. My rival is jealous of his own cousin, and, for a straw, would cut his throat. Good again. But the enemy I have most to dread, is a Mr. Jack Humphries. Ha! ha! ha! I see the very man! Ignorance, impudence and conceit; the wit, the droll, the *Magnus Apollo* of a provincial town! And his tender mate, too! That Vauxhall affair may turn to account. Come, I'm thought a tolerably clever fellow myself—in Coventry: five minutes for preparation, and if I don't demolish Mr Jack Humphries, may I be sent thither for a simpleton. [*Exit* R. H.

SCENE III.—*A Room at Knibbs's.*

Enter MISS KNIBBS.

Miss K. That stupid Patty not yet returned! O dear me, if that hateful Coventry creature should arrive, and I be left here all alone to receive him ——! Luckily here comes Edgar.

Enter DE COURCY *and* THORNTON.

Edgar. Well, Celestina, any news yet of the enemy?

Miss K. None.

Edgar. And your father?

Miss K. Not yet returned.

Edgar. That's well. Now do you go into your own room, and conceal yourself till the time proper for you to appear.

Miss K. But when is that?

Edgar. When?—That I can't tell you, but such is Humphries's direction.

Thorn. That is Jack Humphries to a hair: He assumes the merit of the whole plot, when, in fact, we have nothing from him but "Leave it to me," "Follow your leader." All is left to chance, or to the direction of some happier genius than his own.

Edgar. Envy, Tom, envy; but a man like Humphries is invulnerable to it's shafts.

Miss K. And what is his little woman to do?

Thorn. That is a secret, and I must not tell you; but should all else fail her scheme will surely succeed. You are to be taken by surprise by it in order that you may act your part the more naturally. 'Tis her own scheme, though I dare say Humphries will assume the merit of it. Ah! his little woman has more talent in her finger than Mr.——

Miss K. I see no reason, Mr. Thornton, why you should be so extatic in her praise.

Edgar. Nor do I see any reason, Miss Knibbs, why Mr. Thornton's extasies need give you so much concern.

Miss K. There; jealousy, again.

Bumps. (*without.*) Won't nobody tell me which is Mr. Knibbs's house?—Thankee, sir; but I don't see nothing to laugh at in me.

Miss K. Hush! (*runs to the window*) O Heavens! what a creature it is! that must be Mr. Bumps.

Edgar. How unlucky! and our great supporter not with us yet. But, quick—to your room. We must do the best we can till his arrival. [*Exit* Miss Knibbs.

Enter BUMPS, L. H. *He has made some alteration in his dress and assumes a tone, a manner, a mode of walking, &c. such as altogether to give him a ridiculous appearance. He dangles a stick in his hand.*

Bumps. Good morning to you, gentlemen both.

Edgar. Good *night* to *you*, sir. (*aside.*) Ha! ha! ha! Just what we expected.

Bumps. Good night! Well, I have heard of different customs in different countries, and so I suppose——. This is Mr. Knibbs's house, eh?

Edgar. It is, sir.

Bumps. Are you old Knibbs?

Edgar. I am not, sir. (*laughs, and moves aside so that* Bumps *may see* Thornton.)

Bumps. Oh! Then, perhaps, you are the gentleman whose daughter I am come to marry?

Thorn. Wrong again, sir.

Bumps. Ah! Well, one can't tell when one is all among strangers. (*laughs idiotically.*)

Thorn. What, I wonder, is the fool laughing at!

Bumps. I'll lay a wager of ten pounds you can't guess what has brought me all the way from Coventry. (*takes money from his pocket.*

Thorn. To be married. (Bumps *stares with affected astonishment.*)

Edgar. To Miss Sally Knibbs.

Bumps. Well, if ever I did see the like! (*hastily puts his money up.*) Mind, you didn't take the wager, though. I'm too deep for you there.

Thorn. Deep as a well. We should have no chance against you in any thing.

Bumps. To tell you the truth I don't think you would. I'm not at all foolish.

Edgar. Dear me, now, how one may be deceived by appearances.

Bumps. Never trust 'em——I wouldn't swear to your's.

Thorn. (*to* Edgar) This is such a downright booby there will be no merit in vanquishing him. Let us desist.

Edgar. No, no,—besides we must get him out of the way.

Bumps. I'll tell you what it is that makes me so sharp. You must know that at Coventry we gay, lively, young sparks are always practising—that is, we are always trying to hoax one another. Now, whoever is the dupe is obliged to pay a capital dinner for all the rest.

Edgar. I'l answer for it so smart a fellow as you are, is neve caught.

Bumps That isn't for me to say; but I never let them catch me if I can help it. He! he! he! he!

Edgar. (*to* Thornton, *who has been whispering to him*) Psha! there is no harm in a good dinner; we'll each take a third in the wager, and Humphries will take the other! 'Twill be treating the ninny as he deserves. (*to* Bumps) Well, sir, we'll stake ten guineas for the honour of the wits of Uxbridge, and, perhaps, before the day is over, we shall see who is made to cut the most foolish figure.

Bumps. Before the day is over; mind that. I long to have at you. But all in good humour, mind: we never lose our temper at Coventry.

Jack Humphries. (*without—sings*) "See the conquering Hero comes!"

Bumps (*looking out*) My stars! what a fierce-looking fellow! I hope that isn't my new father-in-law; I shall be afraid to come near him.

Thorn. No, that is General——General Jacko, who has killed more men than you have hairs on your head; and if he should object to your marriage with Miss Knibbs, you had better undertake to eat him than oppose him. I tell you that as a friend.

Bumps. If my father had known that, he'd never have sent me here.

Edgar. (*to* Thornton) That was well thrown in.

Enter JACK HUMPHRIES, L. H. *dressed, in part, like* Major Sturgeon, *with a long sword at his side.*

Jack. Now, lads. is my victim——?

Edgar. Hush! (*he and* Thornton *take* Humphries *aside, and whisper*)

Bumps. (*aside*) So; that is my redoubtable antagonist: and equipped as I expected. 'Tis well I am prepared for him.

Jack. (*to the others*) A wager! It was my intention to propose a wager.

Thorn. There again!

Jack. And one word for all; I must take the whole of that upon myself, or I have nothing to do with the business.

Edgar. Well, Jack, we withdraw our share in the stakes, so the ten guineas will be your's.

Jack. (*aside*) A good morning's work.—Now prepare to split your sides. (*strutting forward*) Hem! hem!—Sir, I am proud to welcome you to Uxbridge. (*strikes* Bumps *on the shoulder*)

Bumps. Sir, you are very polite, I'm sure. (*appears to shrink under the blow, and rubs his shoulder.*)

Jack. (*to the others*) Did you mark that?—Your hand, Bumps. (Bumps *gives him his hand awkwardly, and hastily withdraws it.*) Gunpowder and smoke! (*to the others*) Keep your eye on me.—Gunpowder and smoke! (Bumps *backs away from him.*) Is that your way of giving your hand to the oldest friend of your family. Your hand, Bumps. (*looks towards the others and laughs.*)

Bumps. O, if you are a friend of our family, that is a different thing.

Jack. (*to the others*) I've made the noodle believe I'm a friend of his family.

Bumps. There, then. (*seizes his hand, and squeezes it firmly.* Humphries *writhes, and makes wry faces*) I know how to behave to a friend of the family.

Edgar. Bravo, Jack.

Thorn. At him again.

Jack. At him! Confound the fellow! one might as well put one's fingers into one of his father's ribbon-presses.

Bumps. So you know my family, sir?

Jack. Aye—your father is—Peeping Tom; (*looks at the others and laughs*) and your mother—your mother is Lady Godiva. Ha! ha! ha!

Bumps. O, no, my mother is'nt at all *like* Lady Godiva: she is a short, stumpy, round little woman. She never rode a horse-back in her life, and I'm sure she wouldn't in *that* way, for she has not at all a fine head of hair.

Edgar. This is exquisite.

Thorn. You'll be the death of him.

Jack. And do you pretend, Mr. Jeremiah Bumps, that you don't remember me?

Bumps. Why, if I never saw you before——

Jack. How!—Don't you remember——? (*aside*) Let me see; what shall I remind him of?—Don't you remember my tripping up your heels at the Corporation Ball?

Bumps. Lord! and was it you?

Jack (*aside*) One can persuade him to any thing.

Bumps. Well, I'm so much obliged to you.

Jack. Ha! ha! ha! For tripping up your heels?

Bumps. No; for telling me who it was that did it; and since it was you—He! he! he! he!—you must give me satisfaction.

Jack. (*to the others*) He swallows it.—(*to* Bumps) Satisfaction, my hero! In any way you please. Congreve rockets, or cur-and-twenty-pounders?

Bumps. (*shakes his head*) No—I'm afraid of *them*, I'll not fight with any thing but little pistols—such as these. (*draws a brace of pistols from his pockets.*)

Thorn. Excellent! Keep it up, Jack. They're not charged; they'd never trust such a simpleton as this with loaded pistols.

Jack, (*retiring*) You are a very brave fellow, I dare say, but——

Bumps. No, I an't in the least; but as I am sure of bringing down my man at the first fire, I don't run any risk—otherwise I'd never think of fighting with a general like you. (Humphries *walks away.*)

Edgar. (*encouraging him*) Bravo, Jack: you are doing it admirably.

Thorn. Nothing can be better.

Jack. He's not worth setting my wit at.—(*to* Bumps.) Put down those pistols.—Ha! ha! ha!—Why, you didn't think I was serious?——Did you ever see such a creature?

Bumps. Oh!—then you were only laughing at me?

Jack. Aye—I was laughing at you, that was all. (*winks at the others.*)

Bumps. Ah! But as I didn't come to Uxbridge to be laughed at—(*presenting the pistols to him*)—take whichever you please—'tis all fair; there is only a brace of slugs in each. (Humphries *again walks away and endeavours to get behind the others*) But, just to shew you what I can do, stand still, and I'll carry off the right hand curl of your wig without hurting you; and if, by mistake, a ball should go through your head, I'll give you leave to call me a bungler, that's all. Hold him steady, gentlemen, for fear of accident. (Thornton *and* Edgar *hastily get out of the way.*)

Jack. (*in great alarm*) I say—you—mister—(*aside*) People ought to be ashamed of themselves to trust such a bumpkin with pistols.

Bumps. He! he! he! Why, the general is frightened, I do declare! Well, who'd have thought that ever I should frighten a general!

Jack. Delicious! What a natural! I've made him believe I'm frightened. Keep close to me, lads—it is capital sport.—(*to* Bumps)—Yes, yes, I am frightened; but this is my weapon, (*draws and flourishes his sword*) and if you are for satisfaction, my Alexander the Great, to-morrow—to-morrow I'm your man. (*to the others*) We must get him out of the way at once.

Bumps. (*returning*) What a terrible long sword! No wonder you have killed more men than I have hairs on my head. I

don't like that long sword; so, instead of fighting, suppose you beg my pardon for laughing at me.

Jack. (*brandishing his sword.*) What's that I hear! Beg pardon! Gunpowder and smoke!

Bumps. Well, then, if we must fight——. But since that is your weapon, and I am not a very good fencer, I hope you'll excuse me —(*slowly draws a sword from his cane*)—if I run you through the body in rather an awkward fashion. (*throws himself into a fencing attitude.*)

Thorn. (*to* Humphries *who is endeavouring to get away*) Now for your great artillery, Jack; now is your time to demolish him.

Jack. O—pooh!—(*to* Bumps *who advances upon him*) Keep off, sir,—I beg your pardon,—I say, I beg your pardon, sir.

Bumps. Well, since you beg my pardon I'm satisfied. (*puts up his sword.*)

Jack. Uph! (*wipes his forehead and says to the others*) The fool! I flatter myself I did that well: I've made him believe I begg'd his pardon.

Thorn. You did that *so* well, Humphries, that, 'gad you made me believe it too.

Bumps. Now we'll shake hands, general—(Jack *is about to give his hand, but hastily withdraws it and walks away*) And then I should like to see the lady I'm to make love to.

Edgar. (*in a blustering tone*) Two words to that, if you please, sir. (Bumps *puts his hands into his pockets as if feeling for his pistols.*) That is—don't misunderstand me, my dear sir—but —the fact is that—in short, you may remember my friend here told you that if the general—the general should object to your marriage, you had better attempt to——

Jack. (*drags him away*) Now you *will* interfere!—that is not part of my scheme, and——

Bumps. Ah! I wish I hadn't come to Uxbridge, because i the general *should* object, I shall be obliged to——

Jack. But the general will not object. (*aside*) The concei of these fellows with their schemes!—The general admires you, Bumps; and provided there should be no *obelisk* to your marriage in the shape of an engagement of your's in another quarter—you understand——

Bumps. (*aside*) What's in the wind now!—Another engagement?—No, no; one wife at a time is quite enough. He! he! he!

Jack. That's what I call wit, Bumps—(*bows with mock respect, and winks at the others*)—and I always treat wit with profound respect.

Bumps. (*bows*) No one can accuse you of undue familiarity with it.

Jack. (*to the others, who laugh, and affecting to laugh himself*) You may well laugh. Did you ever before meet with such a bumpkin ?

Mrs. Humphries. (*without*) Where is the perfidious monster!

Jack. Here comes my little woman; and now, my boys, you shall see me give my victim his *immortal* blow.

Enter MRS. HUMPHRIES, R. H.

Mrs H O, gentlemen! avenge the quarrel of an injured woman, and, at the same time, protect a virtuous young lady from the danger that awaits her. (Jack Humphries, De Courcy, *and* Thornton *affect astonishment.*)

Thorn. Pray, madam, explain.

Jack. Madam, I wear a sword. (*whispers her*) Keep it up, my darling duck.

Mrs. H. Tell me, I implore you tell me, is Miss Knibbs a-going to be married ?

Edgar. Yes, madam; and the happy man is Mr. Jeremiah Bumps, of Coventry.

Mrs. H. 'Tis but too true, then ! O, gentlemen ! that lovely youth, that false, but too persuasive wretch, is under a promise of marriage to me.

Bumps. (*aside*) I perceive.

Edgar. Ha ! there, madam, stands the culprit.

Mrs. H. 'Tis he, indeed ! Support me, or I faint. (*to them*) A perfect Jerry, positively.

Bumps. I do declare, now, I never saw the lady before in all my life.

Mrs. H. Deny me, too ! Let me get at him.

Jack. My dear madam—(*interfering*)—let me arrange this affair. (*to* Thornton *and* De Courcy) I flatter myself my little woman is doing this admirably.—There must be some mistake, that gentleman is incapable of——Be calm, madam, and *com pound* yourself. (*places a chair, and then runs to* Bumps) Now, trust to me—I'm your friend—I ll get you through this.

Thorn. I'm astonished, general, you should take Mr. Bumps's part. Propose marriage to Miss Celestina when he is under an engagement to this unfortunate lady ! 'Tis atrocious.

Jack. Atrocious ! if it be true, nothing can be more *atrocier* but, I repeat it, there must be some mistake. (*to* Bumps) Be ruled by me—I'm your friend—back to Coventry instantly, or you'll get into a dreadful scrape here. She'll never follow you there, I'll answer for it.

Bumps. Well, general, if you think so——But *I* never saw the lady before—and she knows it. (*he makes signs to her to be silent*)

Mrs. H. (*aside*) Ha! ha ha! The fool is making signs to me! What can he mean?

Jack. (*to her*) Mean! he has no meaning—he is as flat as a pancake! Keep it up.

Mrs. H. And does the base deceiver deny his promise?

Bumps. Yes; for you know I never made any.

Jack. (Mrs. H. *starts up*) Patience, madam. (*to* Bumps—*takes him aside*) Now, my dear fellow, since the lady is positive, you had better not contradict her, but away with you at once.

Bumps. Well, I think 'twill be the best way; but as you are my friend, I'll confess the truth to *you*. But I wouldn't have it come to my father's ears for the world.—I *do* know the lady.

Jack. (*to* Thornton) Ha! ha! ha? that's perfect! I've persuaded him that he knows Mrs. H.

Bumps. I'll tell you how it happened—as you are my friend. You must know that when I was in London last August, in the Vauxhall season——

Jack. The Vauxhall season! (De Courcy *and* Thornton *appear to listen with interest.*)

Bumps. Well—one evening, just at dusk——I wouldn't have mentioned it if the lady had not insisted upon it—one fine evening in August, I met that lady—and so—and so, we got into a hackney-chariot and went to Vauxhall together.

Jack. (*utterly confounded*) In a hackney cha—chariot—to—Vauxhall!

Mrs. H. The abominable creature! to pretend——!

Jack. Now then, madam, was I a jealous monster without cause?

Bumps. But let the lady tell the truth: I never promised to marry her.

Thorn. (*to* De Courcy) Poor Humphries! the report, then, was true.

Mrs. H. But H., my dear H.,—(*endeavouring to appease him*)

Jack. Don't H. me, ma'am!—(*to* Bumps) As for you, Mister, let me tell you——

Bumps. I thought we were friends; but since you are resolved to quarrel with me——(*puts his hands into his pockets*)

Jack. No, sir, it isn't that, sir; but I must tell you, sir, that that lady is married—I happen to know it—and her husband, sir, is a worthy, good man.

Bumps. He! he! he! poor devil! he must be a *very* worthy man. But the lady told me she was a widow—the widow of a foolish exciseman, somewhere in the country.

Jack. Mister!—madam!—

Mrs. H My dear Jack, I vow and declare——

Jack. (to Mrs B.) Leave me—*Cicatrice*!

Thorn. You would do well, Jack, to toss him out of window.

Jack. And so I would—but I might hurt some innocent person in the street.

Edgar. Never mind, Humphries, never mind; you will be amply avenged; for, thanks to this discovery, Mr. Knibbs himself will reject such a reprobate for a son-in-law. (*to* Bumps) But the young lady shall be made acquainted with your character, sir. (*Goes towards* Miss Knibbs's *door and leads her forth.*)

Thorn. I'm devilish sorry for you, Jack; but I'll tell the story all over Uxbridge, and expose him.

Enter Miss Knibbs, *led forward by* De Courcy.

Miss K. (*to* Jack Humphries, *as she passes; and taking his hand*) Thank'ee, Mr. Humphries, I've overheard it all; you have carried on the joke charmingly.

Jack. A joke, miss! a pretty joke for me!

Edgar. Behold, young lady, the person to whom you are to be sacrificed; but you are now to learn——

Miss K. I am acquainted with the *person's* proceedings; (*with a look of extreme contempt*) and trust that, after the recent discovery, the *person* will not presume to solicit my hand.

Bumps. (*aside*) What a tender look! smitten with me at first sight.—He! he! he! But I don't mind the discovery, miss, for I'm sure you don't love him, and so is my father.

Miss K. Don't love him! what does the idiot mean! (*they all appear astonished*)

Bumps. The young gentleman that father discovered comes a-courting you—one Mr.—Mr. De Courcy.

Edgar. Indeed! (Miss Knibbs *takes* De Courcy's *hand, and looks tenderly at him*; *he at the same time leaning on* Thornton's *shoulder*) The father is as remarkable for penetration as the son, it should seem.

Bumps. O! father made a world of inquiries before he would trust me to come and be married. But only to think, miss, how cleverly you have imposed upon the poor soft-headed young gentleman; when, if you love anybody at all, it is a Mr. ——I forget his name—a cousin of his—you know he made love to you at St. Albans, where you gave him yonr profile cut in black paper.

Edgar. (*violently*) I was certain of it from the first. (*starting from them*)

Bumps. O, you may be quite certain of it; it is the town talk in Coventry. Do you know the gentleman?

Edgar. Stand aside, fool!

Miss K. My dear Edgar, believe me——

Thorn. My dear Ned, may I perish if

Edgar. Here we part, madam, never to m
you, sir——

Thorn. Well, sir, since my word is insufficient—be it as you please.

Mrs. H. But H.—, my darling H.—, I will be heard.

Jack. Silence, madam; you have *exonerated* your name, so *go* to your *paramount* if you please. For myself—Doctors' Commons shall do an injured husband right, if a *habeas corpus* is to be had for money. [*All the characters* (*except* Bumps, *who retains his place, and laughs aside*) *are walking about angrily and in confusion.*]

Knibbs. (*without*) Come with me, you saucy baggage.

Edgar. Here comes your father, madam, to witness my formal renunciation of your hand.

Jack. And my separate maintenance.

Miss K. (*to* Bumps) Well, sir, I hope you are satisfied with the mischief your visit has occasioned?

Bumps. Yes, thank'ee kindly, miss. (*retires up, and arranges his dress*)

Enter KNIBBS *and* PATTY, L. H.

Knibbs. Now, who has dared to send this foolish girl to prevent the arrival of the son of my old friend?

Edgar. Allow me to explain, sir.

Knibbs. How is it you are here, sir, notwithstanding my request that you would abstain——?

Edgar. This is the last time I shall offend, sir; I decline the honour of an alliance with your family.

Knibbs. Decline! Your humble servant, sir! For the same reason, perhaps, that you would decline the pleasure of taking possession of my house and property.

Edgar. At the same time it is proper you should know that your intended son-in-law——

Jack. (*comes forward*) Leave that to me: I'll put a spoke in *his* wheel. Sir, you see before you the victim of——

Mrs. H. Would you make a fool of yourself?

Jack. No matter *what* I make—of *myself*, ma'am. (*aside*) That was cutting.—Sir, to my sorrow I know that your intended son-in-law is——

Bumps. (*in his own manner*) Perfectly prepared to meet any charge that may be brought against him by (*bows to each as he addresses them*) Mr. De Courcy, Lawyer Quirk's clerk; his friend, Mr. Tom Thornton; or even their formidable colleague, the renowned General Jacko, *alias* Mr. Jack Humphries, the exciseman. [*They all look at each other in amazement.*

my young friend from Coventry! I'm heartily glad to see you.

Patty. That isn't he, sir; that's the handsome young Lunnonner that gave me the money to keep the secret I told you.

Knibbs. (*to* Bumps) But what have I heard about some trick to be played off against you?—And you, Mr. Humphries!—what are you doing here in that fool's dress?

Jack. Really, sir, my mind is in such a state, *pro forma*, that I shall be obliged to any one that would tell me.

Bumps. I refer you for an explanation to my little ally. (*pointing to* Patty)

Patty. What's it! I told you nothing but the truth, sir (*aside*) One can see *he* wasn't brought up at Dunstable.

Bumps. The truth is, sir——— (*about to explain*)

Miss K. For Heaven's sake, sir———(*alarmed, and entreatingly*)

Bumps. (*to her, and taking her hand*) Enough. (*to* Knibbs) The case is simply this. There is a trifling wager of ten guineas, between these gentlemen and myself, as to which party should outwit the other. The combined force against me—supported, too, by the great artillery of the *General*—presented such fearful odds against the unassisted powers of—he! he! he! a poor Jerry Sneak, as they took me to be—that had I not fortunately obtained information of their plan of attack, together with the disclosure of certain little secrets, which added to the advantages of my position———

Edgar. So then, the story about the profile——?

Bumps. Is unfounded——for any thing I know to the contrary. [Edgar *takes the hands of* Miss K. *and* Thornton.

Jack. My dear sir—I tremble to ask it—and the trip to Vauxhall?

Bumps. I never had the pleasure of seeing that lady till to-day.

Jack. Then my little woman has passed triumphantly through the fiery *orgies*.

Mrs. H. And could you suspect me, Jack? (*aside and looking towards* Bumps) The imprudent creature! to pretend that *he* was the person.

Jack. (*to* Thornton) Hang the fellow! he has given me such a fright it will be well if I escape an attack of the *multum in parvo*. (Thornton *whispers him*) Well, well, 'tis all one; it's a Latin complaint

Knibbs. Well, I dare say you understand one another, but I'm as much in the dark as ever.

Bumps. Hear me, then, sir. My union with this young lady

is impossible; listen therefore to the entreaties of a more favoured suitor.——Come, come; these gentlemen have lost a dinner to me, and over a glass of their good wine, I will suggest to you such reasons for your compliance———

Thorn. Mr. Humphries insisted on taking the wager entirely upon himself, so he must———

Jack. Well, if I must——A pleasant day I have had! *(reluctantly pays the money)*

Knibbs. How is this, Mr. Humphries? I thought that when you chose to set your wit at any one——! But one would think you had the worst of the joke.

Jack. Any one that didn't understand my *tictacs* would. I'll have one more touch at him. (*to* Bumps) The fact is, sir, if you hadn't come here *anonymously*.

Thorn. (*correcting him*) Incog.

Jack. (*insisting angrily upon the word*) Anonymously—I should have found you an easy bird of prey: I fancied (*looks knowingly at the others*) you were a fool.

Bumps. Whilst I fancied you were a wit: let us each honestly confess his error and shake hands. (*they shake hands*)

Jack. I flatter myself I had him there.

Bumps. You promised your friends a little amusement at my expense; but if the same end has been attained—though by TURNING THE TABLES—I hope they will not be dissatisfied.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

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